

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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NUMBER 33.

POETRY.

NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,
And through the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Every success, if you'll only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest are boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxima, the best is the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rat-
tle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst!
Stand like a rock; and the storm of the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing its worst.
Never give up! if adversity presses;
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up!

STORY TELLER.

AN EXPENSIVE LESSON.

Mrs. Piercy was not in a good humor that day, as she sat at the breakfast table pouring coffee for her husband, and dispensing bread and butter to three plump little Piercys. She was a handsome, overdressed woman, with a good deal of false hair, frizzed and puffed and braided on the top of her head, and a complexion that bore remote witness to the constant use of cosmetics. And Mr. Piercy, at his end of the table, was evidently ill at ease, as he broke his egg and nibbled diligently at his roll.

"But what was I to do, my dear?" "Do?" shrilly retorted Mrs. Piercy. "Why, what do other people do? Are we to keep a home for the indigent poor? Or a refuge for the widowed and fatherless?"

"My dear, my dear," pleaded Mr. Piercy, who was a small man, with thin hair and spectacles, "you may be a widow yourself, some day."

"And if I am, I shall not go begging among my relatives, that you may depend on," said Mrs. Piercy. "And, after all, she isn't any relative of yours—only your brother's wife! I'd like to know what earthly claim she has upon you! I declare, the more I think of it the more I am amazed at the woman's presumption. Her very name is an aggravation, too. 'Plumie Piercy,' indeed. I'll wager my new lace pin that she was a second-rate actress when she married your brother. No, Mr. Piercy, if you think that I—"

But here the torrent of the lady's eloquence was cut short by the unexpected appearance on the scene of the very subject of her oburgation—a tall, pretty woman of about four and twenty, whose wavy golden tresses and delicately fair complexion contrasted vividly with the deep mourning weeds she wore.

"A veil down to her feet," mentally ejaculated Mrs. Able Piercy, "and a six-inch bias band of the very best Courtland crape on her gown. I wonder who's expected to pay for all this?"

Able Piercy, the kindest-hearted of little men, welcomed his brother's widow with genuine hospitality; but Matilda, his wife, looked askance at her, with no friendly smile on her countenance.

"Of course you will consider this your home," said Mr. Piercy, as he made haste to draw a chair close to the fire.

"Until you are able to suit yourself somewhere else," crisply added his wife.

The widow said little; she only looked with large, wistful eyes from one to the other, as she sat there, the morning sunshine turning her fair locks to braided masses of gold, the pearly delicacy of her skin arousing the liveliest envy in Mrs. Able's heart.

"Though, of course, its only some French balm, or Circassian cream or other, that I haven't heard of," said she to herself.

But, after Mr. Piercy had buttoned on his overcoat and gloves, he came back to the breakfast-room, while his wife was putting up the children's school-lunches in the pantry.

"I am not much of a talker, Plumie," said he, in an odd, hesitating way; "but you are welcome—very welcome! And I hope you will try to feel at home. Don't mind Matilda—just at first. She's a little peculiar, Matilda is, but I do assure you she—"

"Mr. Piercy!" uttered a sharp, warning voice, at this instant, from the threshold, "is it possible that you haven't started yet? And you know how particular Budge & Bod-

ley are as to your getting to the store at nine precisely."

Mr. Piercy turned pink all over. "Yes, my dear—yes," said he, "I'm quite sure to be in time!"

And off he started on a trot. When he was gone, Plumie took off her bonnet and veil, removed her mantle and gloves, and went into the kitchen.

"Can I do something to help you, sister Matilda?" she said, pleadingly. Mrs. Able Piercy looked with cold blue eyes and lips primly compressed, at the fair face which was younger and fresher than ever without the jet-black circlet of the bonnet, and the slight, graceful figure before her.

"No, I thank you," she said. I am not used to having fine ladies in my kitchen."

"But if you will lend me an apron—"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Oswald Piercy?" repeated the housewife. "You will find the newspaper in the hall. Perhaps the advertising columns will interest you."

"We are sisters," said the young widow, with a quivering lip. "Will you not call me Plumie?"

"Oh, no, we're no relation at all, in reality," said Mrs. Able Piercy, weighing out ounces of sugar and pounds of flour with an unerring hand. "And really, your name is such a peculiar one. Jane, or Martha, or Eliza, would have been more to my taste. Perhaps, however, with a keen, sidelong glance, 'you have been on the stage?'"

"No," said Plumie. "I was a teacher when Oswald married me. But what did you mean about the advertising columns of the paper?"

"Situations you know," said Mrs. Piercy, bridging over to the raisin box. "Bridget, you have been at these raisins, as true as I live! There's half of 'em gone since I was here last."

"No, mum, I haven't!" sharply responded Bridget, who was used to these kitchen skirmishes. "Sure I never lived in a house before where they counted the raisins and the lumps of coal, and if I don't suit, mum, it's a months warning from today, if ye's please."

"Situations!" repeated Plumie, half afraid of Bridget's warlike demeanor, half puzzled at her sister-in-law's words.

"Yes," said Mrs. Able, tartly, paying no attention to Bridget and her skillet—"In a glove factory, you know, or a fancy store, or even as nursery governess or attendant to some elderly invalid. For of course, you know, with another of those oblique looks that made Plumie feel so uncomfortable, 'you expect to work for your living. We are not rich enough to support all our relations. Able's salary was reduced last year, and no one knows how strictly I meet to economize to make both ends meet. And a strong young woman like you ought not to sit down on a sickly man with a family, like my husband, because—"

"Stop—oh, stop!" said Plumie, lifting up her hand, as if to ward off some invisible terror. He said I was welcome, he told me—"

"That's just like Able!" said Mrs. Piercy, scornfully. "He'd take in all creation if he could. He never stops to think whether he can afford it or not."

"I am sorry that I intrude," said Plumie, with dignity. "It shall not be for long. I will look at the newspaper at once."

"Yes, that's a deal the best plan," assented Mrs. Piercy, ungraciously.

"Of course you won't mention our little chat to Able. He might be vexed; and, after all, I'm only speaking for your good."

Plumie looked at her with an expression of face which somehow made Mrs. Able Piercy feel as if she was shrinking up like a withered walnut in its shell.

"Yes, I know," said she. "But you must not be afraid; I am no tale-bearer, to make mischief in any one's family."

Mrs. Piercy felt very uncomfortable after this conversation was ended.

"How she did look at me!" thought she. "But I only spoke the truth, after all. We can't be burdened with her support, let Able talk as he pleases. And no matter what she says, I believe she has been an actress! No one but an actress could put on such royal ways as that!"

Half an hour afterward, when the bell rang, and some one inquired for Mrs. Oswald Piercy, Mrs. Able nodded her head to the cake she was taking out of the oven.

"Company already," said she; and

gentlemen company, as I live! Well, if this is the way she intends to go on, the sooner she suits herself with a situation the better!"

Mrs. Piercy had been secretly anxious for an opportunity of quarreling with her sister-in-law. Here it was at last; and when the old gentleman with the glossy broadcloth suit was gone, she blossomed into the parlor with red spot on either cheek-bone like signals of war.

"So you have been receiving company, Mrs. Oswald?" said she.

"Yes," Plumie innocently answered.

"Gentleman company, too?" cried Mrs. Piercy.

"It was Mr. Van Orden, my husband's lawyer," exclaimed Plumie.

"Oh, I dare say!" said Mrs. Piercy.

"All that sounds very well; but I have the character of my house to look to, and—"

"He is coming back with a carriage," hurriedly spoke Plumie. "I am going to his wife's house at once. Mrs. Van Orden is willing to give me the shelter which my own relatives grudge me!"

"I wish her joy of her bargain, I am sure," said Mrs. Able Piercy, with a toss of the mountains of false hair that crowned her head.

And so the two women parted, in no spirit of amity.

"I dare say she'll go straight to the store," thought Mrs. Able, "and invent a pitiful story for my husband's benefit. And Able will make a great fuss—Able was always soft about his relatives—but I shan't mind it. I have always been mistress in my own house, and I always intend to be, Oswald's widow or no Oswald's widow."

Nevertheless she could not help feeling a little apprehensive when her husband came in at tea. For when Able really was angry, his anger signified something. But to her surprise he entered all smiles, and rubbing his palms, gleefully.

"So Plumie has gone?" said he. "Yes," said Mrs. Piercy, pretending to be busy with a knot in the second child's shoe. "She has gone. But how did you know it?"

"Van Orden stopped at the store to tell me," answered Mr. Piercy. "Strange, wasn't it? And quite romantic, too."

"What on earth is the man talking about?" said Mrs. Piercy, aroused at last into something like active interest. "Why, didn't Plumie tell you? It seems that those last investments that poor Oswald fancied he had begged himself with, have turned up trump cards after all. And Van Orden tells me that Oswald's widow is worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Mrs. Able Piercy turned first green, then crimson. Alas for the fatal blunder she had committed! Alas for the ruined chances of her three little girls to inherit their aunt's money! She made some trivial excuse about a forgotten pocket-handkerchief, and went up stairs to weep the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

It was a lesson to her, but it was an expensive one. For Plumie Piercy, although she always remained on the most excellent terms with her kind little brother-in-law, never crossed Mrs. Able's threshold again. She had been too deeply stung—too bitterly insulted there.

"And it's all my own fault," sadly reflected Mrs. Able. "Oh dear, oh dear! why can't we see a little way into the future?"

DEFENDING THE LADY.

Lord Erskine, who made the very ungallant observation mentioned below, was rightly punished by the reply that will always go with it. He declared at a large party that "a wife was a tin canister tied to one's tail."

Upon which Sheridan, who was present when the remark was made, presented to Lady Erskine the following lines:

"Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But therefore degrading? Considered right,
A canister's polished and useful and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

Somebody put a small mud-turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a New Jersey hotel, and the stranger who was assigned to that room, on preparing to disrobe, caught sight of it. He at once resumed his clothes, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they're as big as that I don't propose to get in with 'em."

Observations or rising.—10 A.M.

By Jove! this room is in a pretty state! There is nothing in the place it ought to be. When I came in last night 'twas pretty late, and then the place appeared all right to me.

Where are my clothes? I had a shirt! Ah, there. 'Tis hung upon the peg which I devote to that dark object which I see is where the shirt should be—a rubber overcoat.

I had another stocking, I am sure. Ah! my watch upon the floor, with broken face. The stocking 'neath my pillow, where, secure. It is my rule, at night, my watch to place.

A shoe upon the hat rack hung. That's good. My hat is by the other, on the floor, and in it has my wet umbrella stood, and dripped, instead of in the cuspidore.

'Tis quite enough to make an angel weep: Especially the spilling of the hat! Show me the wretch who, while I was asleep, Entered my room and mixed things up like that.

FAST TRAINS.

The fastest trains in the world are run on English railways, but the speed is never so great as some people imagine. "The Flying Dutchman" and "The Flying Zulu," on the Great Western Railway, run between London and Bath at the rate of fifty-three miles an hour.

The Great Northern trains between London and York maintain a speed of forty-eight miles an hour, and one of the trains of this road makes the distance between London and Leeds, one hundred and eighty-six and one-half miles, in four hours and five minutes.

The quickest trains run in the United States are between New York and Philadelphia, some of them attaining a speed of forty-seven and two-third miles an hour.

The tendency of railway managers is not toward special trains of extraordinary rapidity, however, though they are increasing the average speed. The locomotives that can make a speed of forty-seven miles an hour are extremely heavy, and soon wear out the tracks; but an average speed of sixty miles an hour, even for long runs, is entirely feasible. At some points the speed of "The Flying Dutchman" is even greater than that.

Letter From Hartford.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—What pleases us most is such a letter as written by your correspondent abroad. There is no egotism in it, no gossiping nor anything of a trifling nature; it is full of news, of interest touching upon historical points. We wish more of that same correspondence; hope all growls and snarls will be avoided, and topics of interest discussed, which would greatly edify mental construction.

The walks around the American Asylum have been transformed into concrete walks, and the fountain and basin, which for years have adorned the front yard, have been removed and a green mound built in their places.

Rev. W. W. Turner, who has been reported as almost at his journey's end, was seen a few days ago riding in a covered carriage, and he seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his senses.

Mr. Wm. H. Weeks thinks he will attend the coming National Convention.

All deaf-mutes intending to be present at the Convention, should report to the Local Committee on Railroads, etc., so they may secure a reduction of fare, if not free return tickets. They should say how many will be at the station. UNCAS.

IOWA.

There is another semi-mute lady living in Creston. She attends the High School there, and was never a pupil of a mute institution. Every body speaks very highly of her.

John Brookhagen, about twelve years old, a pupil of the Council Bluffs School for three years, and now a resident of Creston, will go to Milwaukee in September.

Mr. Thomas Evans, of East-Boston, will understand that Mr. A. C. Hargrave could not get that thing for him. Will "Old Apron Friend H." attend the Convention?

Mr. A. C. Hargrave thinks he will not attend the Convention for two good reasons. He has accepted a kind invitation from Mr. Russell Smith to attend the State Fair at Des Moines, from August 31st to September 7th. He will leave Creston for Des Moines on the 25th of August or September 1st, if nothing happens. There are seventeen deaf-mutes residing in Des Moines.

Where are "Mrs. Sun Flower" and "Miss Dandelion?" PRAIRIE OCEAN TRAVELER.

To all Whom it may Concern.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:

SIR:—I have received several letters and postal cards from my mute friends, who are subscribers of the JOURNAL, complaining of the Local Committee who have arranged an Excursion to Glen Island, on the day after the Convention—the same day on which the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes will have a grand Picnic and Games at the Empire City Colosseum, which is one of the largest dancing halls in the metropolis. I earnestly wish all my dear readers to understand that they must not be worried about the Excursion. I have learned that the excursion is not especially proposed for the delegates in body, but to all who may wish to visit the Island, which is only a mile away from New York City. The parties can go there in the morning, on the same day of the Catholic Picnic, and return early in the afternoon, when they can attend the Picnic, which will open at 1 o'clock p.m., and close at 12 o'clock at night. On any day, they can visit Glen Island at any hour for 40 cents for round trip. The regular time of the Excursions to Glen Island is:—

GLEN ISLAND STEAMERS LEAVE:—		
Pier 18, North River.	Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.	33d St., East River.
8:15 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
9:30 A.M.	9:45 A.M.	10:15 A.M.
10:30 A.M.	10:45 A.M.	11:15 P.M.
12:45 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	1:30 P.M.
2:00 P.M.	2:15 P.M.	2:45 P.M.
3:00 P.M.	3:15 P.M.	3:45 P.M.
	4:30 P.M.	5:15 P.M.

RETURNING, leave GLEN ISLAND 10:15 A.M., landing at 33d St. and pier 18; 11:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M., for pier 18 only; 3 P.M., for 33d St. and Jewell's Wharf; 5 P.M., for 33d St. only; 5:30, 7 and 8:30 P.M., all landings.

Sundays, extra boats every hour.

But most of the New York mutes and delegates from any State can attend the Grand Picnic first, and next day (Saturday) they can go to Glen Island on an Excursion.

The parties who will attend the Picnic will be protected by the police, as they are required by law. There will be about six policemen posted at the Picnic for special protection, so the deaf-mutes and their friends will not receive any trouble.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Edmund Booth to ask him personally whether he has ordered the Local Committee to arrange for an excursion, and received an answer from him: His response was as follows:—

"I have nothing to do with getting up of picnics and excursions. The New York mutes can do as they please in their individual or collective capacity." E. BOOTH.

ANAMOSA, IA., July 25.

Your bright correspondent, "Mr. Spy," of Philadelphia, wanted to know whether postponements could be made. I am very sorry that the New York Catholic and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes can not postpone their Grand Picnic, because the Committee of Arrangements had signed a contract for the Colosseum grounds before Mr. E. Booth announced to the public the days of 28th, 29th and 30th, for the Convention.

I am painting a portrait of the Abbe de l'Epée in oil, to be presented to the Catholic Literary Society at the Picnic, and I will hang it there, so all who desire to see it may have an opportunity.

JOHN F. J. TRESCHE.
NEW YORK, August 10, '83.

AMERICAN "ASYLUM."

MR. EDITOR:—We see an article in your paper about the American Asylum. The name has stood sixty-five years, and it is dear to every mute graduate. The honored founder of our Institution rightly gave the name Asylum, as defined, because there were no funds with which to carry on the school. He, therefore, had to petition Congress for a certain grant, and that was in large tracts of land which have been sold.

Most honestly the founder of the School gave it the title of American Asylum, it being then the only School for the instruction of deaf-mutes throughout the land, and as the grant came from the public fund it was right to call it Asylum. The conversion of the title has been discussed before; the public and the Board of Directors had the subject under consideration, and declined to dishonor the founder, Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, by altering the title. Besides donations are made in the name of the American Asylum, and should it be changed to title, and consequently the donation lost by litigation.

Should the name be changed to American Institute, then it would be taken for the Agricultural Institute, or if it should be altered to Hartford

Institute, then it would show that it is simply a Hartford Institution for the instruction of deaf-mutes, and consequently the mutes from other States in New England would be shut out. The most proper name would be the New England Institute for Deaf-Mutes, but taking the above facts into consideration, it seems to be impracticable for any altering.

MY TRIP TO ALLEGHENY COUNTY

*What a splendid time I had in Pittsburg. I was down there two weeks, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woodside. On my arrival in Pittsburg in the afternoon, seeing none of my friends at the depot to meet me, I had the courage to get one of the baggage agents to tell me which was the train that went to Wilkensburg, though I was never was down there before. He politely assisted me. Mr. Callahan was at Wilkensburg station, waiting for me, and we went up to Archie Woodside's, the day before the Glorious Fourth. That evening was spent very pleasantly by us in conversing at his home, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. On the evening of the Fourth of July, the weather was very warm; notwithstanding this, almost every mute, old and young, of Allegheny County, were drawn out to a big picnic, where they enjoyed meeting, conversing and playing different kinds of games. One thing I think the boys enjoyed especially,—that was "Copenhagen." The picnic was the grandest success they ever had. Much credit is due to the Committee of Arrangements—all mutes. Mr. Archie Woodside has been working hard to make these picnics a success for years. I think the young men ought to let him rest, as he is getting old. These men have the power of arranging the picnic next summer without his assistance. Don't depend upon him so much. "Boys, you are smart enough, and try to do the best you can, and then your name will be as famous as his is. Follow his good example." There are many young men in Pittsburg—such as Mr. McMaster, Mr. Atchison, Willis Humphrey, Willie Henderick, Lewis Callahan and Mr. Neiman—who can do it well. Every picnicer ought to be grateful to Archie for his kindness in getting up the party, making them enjoy it, and inviting many of them to join it. He always welcomes friends and strangers to his house. He is a good man, I think. His wife is a sensible woman. Their company is splendid, indeed. I really enjoyed it hugely—more than I ever expected.

In the evening of Thursday, we went down to Pittsburg to attend the prayer meeting of the deaf-mutes. They have it every Thursday evening. That is a good plan for them. They attend Sunday School and church every Sunday. Mr. A. Woodside is their Sunday School teacher. His dearest sister, Miss Sarah Woodside, is a very nice young lady. It is very nice for them to have her as their interpreter. She has a nice home for the mutes to board.

The next week after the Fourth, I was out to Braddock to make my old classmate, Mrs. Friend, see Miss Kitty Weyman, a visit, with whom I staid a week. We had not met each other for about ten long years. She is a smart and lively wife. One night, Mr. Friend and I went down to see the rolling mill. I took a great interest in it. What a very beautiful sight it was to see the fire burning so brightly. I never saw any fire such as that.

Mr. and Mrs. Friend and I went over to Sam Davidson's on a visit to Mrs. Davidson. They have nice little twin girls—small creatures of fourteen months old. They have not begun to learn to walk yet, but will soon.

We went to Collins Sawhill's one pleasant evening, just for a call. A large company was there found. I once remember seeing Collins—a little boy in Philadelphia. I enjoyed my visit in Braddock very much.

On the afternoon, I took a steam car on Dugene Railway up to the summit of the lofty mountains, to have a grand view over the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny, with Miss Pfeiffer and two gentlemen. The cars went up and down so swiftly that I was not dizzy at all.

On my return home, how fearfully lonesome I felt to part with my mute friends, for I enjoyed myself immensely with them. Wish I was back there. Oh, how I wish I could live in Allegheny City.

EFFIE L. PARKER.

ERIE, PA.

Louisville, Ky., Briefs.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It is very seldom that I can get something of interest worthy of publication and the perusal of the readers. It is long since I left off writing, except a bit now and then, only for want of news. In the JOURNAL, I see that the deaf-mutes of nearly every State are full of energy and enthusiasm—embracing every opportunity to make the summer pass pleasantly by getting up picnics and parties, while those here are only half awake. The leaders do not encourage those less educated, and those living beyond the city boundary are somewhat prejudiced against us, hence build up a wall between us. Consequently it is clearly seen that very little can be done towards getting up a picnic.

Two students of the National Deaf-Mute College were in this city about two or three weeks ago. Why didn't they condescend to associate with those whose intimacy they enjoyed before attending College, or even exchange a salutation? The only thing we can be certain of is they think they have grown too "big" for us, and do it because students of a college generally do so?

Robert Hartman is the center of attraction this week. He got a prominent nose, the lower end of which is perpetually blooming. Now, he got a boil on it, which doubles its size and brilliancy, and gives it a shape of an uneven, half-ripened tomato. It attracts the attention of every passer-by.

Jacob Seibert is probably the most popular mute among the hearing folks of this city. He can talk more fluently and better than we all combined; and though less educated than many of us are, he is better informed on the topics of the day.

A week or so ago, Ed. Herr, of this city, and Field Morrow, a College student, made a flying trip to some town in Indiana, and went a "fishing." Did this fishing refer to "lases" or "acquatic animals?" We wonder which.

George Duffie, of Covington, Ky., is in the city. He lost his hearing by a singular coincidence. About a year before he lost his hearing, he met Mr. Chas. P. Fosdick, the Local Editor of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, while conversing with another mute. He expressed a great desire to learn the manual alphabet and the sign-language. The same year he went with his father to St. Louis on a visit, where he fell sick, and came home deaf. He has already served two years at the Kentucky Institution, and now knows what he longed to know so badly.

Some Sundays past, a party of persons got the Sunday School fever, and the pleasant consequences they anticipated were too much for them to resist. Among them were Mr. Jno. H. Yeager, a teacher of the Kentucky Institution; Jake Wilhoite, a pupil of the same School; his father, Wm. Wilhoite, and your correspondent. The road was new to us, and the distance unknown, except to the driver, Wm. Wilhoite, and son. As innocent as mother Eve, we left Prospect Hill, Ky., in the morning, ignorant of all the inconveniences and disadvantages we had to suffer during the journey. The road the driver struck in was smooth, which rendered the ride very pleasant, and the surrounding views were truly charming and sublime. But soon our vehicle wheeled into a lane, and in spite of all the splendor of the varying scenery, our situation grew very uncomfortable as the road became worse and worse at every step. We were occasionally saluted with a sarcastic smile from the driver, who served to take us where we know not, and who, on other occasions, comforted us by saying that our journey would soon be at an end. We were constantly greeted with violent jottings, while traveling over "mountains," through valleys and ravines, over a distance of twenty miles that day. Mr. Pat Dolan, who could not join us in the morning greeted us on our arrival home with, "How did you enjoy your trip?" Mr. Yeager said, "having been in the fire once I don't want to get in it a second time."

Mr. Jno. H. Yeager, wife and little boy, will be in the city this week, visiting friends and relatives. They have hosts of relatives in the city and everywhere in the vicinity, who will make their time pass pleasantly.

To any one wishing to take a buggy ride exercise, we recommend the road the above party traversed. Though unpleasant, the ride was beneficial to us in the way of exercise.

F. C.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 1.25. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

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The Murder of Ada Bayard.

THE JOURNAL is seldom called upon to chronicle a murder, and the account, which we publish to-day of the un-called-for assassination of Ada Bayard, will be read with regret by all, owing to the peculiarly distressing circumstances surrounding it, the victim being not only deaf and dumb, but also blind. The unfortunate girl's five-year-old sister is accused of the crime; but doubt is expressed as to the justice of the accusation, as the family of the deceased refused to allow a searching examination of the remains to be made. The mysterious disappearance of a man who had been on most intimate terms with the family, and especially with the deceased, still further adds to the perplexity of the case. It is to be hoped that the guilty party will soon be detected, and stern justice meted out to him or her.

The Beverly School.

WE are in receipt of the Third Annual Report of the New England Industrial School at Beverly, Mass. Twenty pupils were in attendance at one time during the year. Not a single case of severe sickness has occurred throughout the term, owing to the admirable sanitary condition of the school. In the report of the Superintendent, Mr. William B. Sweet, he states that they are still troubled for want of room, but that the building can be enlarged to twice its size when desired. The need of an institution in the central part of Massachusetts is apparent, as there are a few hundred deaf-mutes who are uneducated, according to the last census. Good progress has been made in the educational department. The good showing is attributed to the natural method of teaching, which system finds favor here, all other methods being considered of minor importance.

The "Journal."

In order to make room for an unprecedented large amount of deaf-mute correspondence in our last issue, the customary story and poem on the first page were omitted. This week, we find it necessary to postpone a considerable number of interesting and instructive articles, owing to the crowded condition of our pages. The success of any paper depends upon the variety and amount of news which it is able to present to its readers, as well as the form and manner in which it is presented. We are glad to perceive that many deaf-mutes are beginning to show their appreciation of the efforts being made to make the greatest deaf-mute paper in the world still more entertaining, by contributing an article occasionally. The JOURNAL is eminently the deaf-mutes' newspaper. A glance through the columns of the present issue, will show that neither time nor money is spared in forwarding its aims, and to make it worthy of the success which has thus far crowned its efforts. Every week its columns are more new and interesting than those of the preceding week, and the march of progress goes forward with unflagging energy. Like all other great enterprises, the JOURNAL has enemies, but they are merely the stepping stones whereby it mounts higher and higher every year, and but contribute to its usefulness and importance. The JOURNAL is the friend of deaf-mutes—the defender of their rights. To those who find fault with its editor (who is now homeward bound from Europe) and the manner in which it is conducted, we would say—

"Never back against this sheet, Though it sometimes flout you; You can do without it less Than it can do without you."

"Keep the editor your friend—That's the proper caper—Publication don't suspend When you stop your paper."

"You can't budge it: do your best Time is wasted trying—It can knock you galley-west, Easier than trying."

ITEMIZER.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: "The Itemizer."

Mr. Geo. T. Dougherty, is in St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Ella Randall, has been appointed supervisor of the girls at the Rome, N. Y., School.

Edgar Granguard, a New Orleans, La., deaf-mute, died of consumption on the 19th of last May.

Prof. Nelson, of the Rome, N. Y., School, will return from Europe during the second week of September.

Miss Sarah E. Woodworth and mother, of Brooklyn, have gone to Clarkstown, in Rockland Co., and will remain there a few weeks.

Mr. C. Daly, of Peru, Ind., will come down to see M. V. Collins, of Tipton, Ind., soon, and he expects he will have a "Jumbo" time there.

Mrs. Stiles, of New Egypt, N. J., is a good housekeeper, and is a kind and hospitable woman, and is respected by the people around her.

Mr. Dan P. Mary and father, of New Orleans, La., have gone to New York City on their way to Portsmouth, N. H., for recreation and a visit to relatives.

Mr. Charles F. Tuttle and wife, of New Orleans, La., contemplate going to Texas in September, and make it their future home. Their son has gone to Spain on a United States Man-of-War.

The Evening Telegram of last Saturday, said that all Aldermen and city officials will attend the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union's Picnic on August 31st, and several of them will speak to the audience.

William Totten, a deaf-mute, has returned to New Orleans, La., from Arizona Territory and California, after an absence of eight years. He is stopping with his only daughter, who was very glad to see him after his long absence.

Malin V. Collins, of Tipton, Ind., expects to go to Indianapolis when the Military Encampment opens, and he would like to see his friends of that place. He will stay there several days to look around the furniture business.

A new club, called the "Pas-a-Pas," was recently started in Chicago. It gave a picnic on August 11th. The officers of the club are E. D. Kingdon, President; E. D. Hunter, Secretary; C. C. Codman, Treasurer; Geo. Fraser, C. H. Angle, John Hemlein, and C. Buchanan, Committee.

John F. J. Tresch, the New York deaf-mute artist, is painting a portrait of the Abbe de l'Epee, to be presented to the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, at the Grand Picnic on August 31st, at Empire City Park. The size of it is 22x28, which will be handsomely framed in gold.

In justice to Mr. Genet, his family, and I trust, his many friends, readers of the JOURNAL, allow me to contradict "Dude's" statement in Harlem Notes, last issue. Mr. Genet is not a street sweeper but works at his trade, carpenter, and has been during the summer. Although the occupation of street sweeper is honorable to many, we hope it may not be his lot to be one of the honorable. "Dude" must have stood on the wrong corner when he got his information.—ONE WHO KNOWS.

Whiskey for Chills.

A deaf and dumb man, arrested at Chico, California, for being drunk, was discharged on the plea that he was recommended to take a certain kind of whiskey for chills, and had taken an overdose.

Crimine in Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, Aug. 9.—A deaf, dumb and blind girl, named Ada Bayard, was murdered by unknown parties in her father's house at Guysboro last night.—Woonsocket, R. I., Evening Reporter, Aug. 9.

Deaf-Mutes at Church.

SERVICES IN THE SIGN-LANGUAGE AT THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A service was held yesterday afternoon at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Cortez Street, which was full of pathetic interest. Mr. William Bailey conducted the service; the listeners, if they may be so called, were all deaf-mutes. When the reporter entered the church, there were perhaps two scores of people thinly scattered in the pews. The church was dimly lighted, and the silence of the afternoon was intensified by the surroundings. There was not a rustle, not a whisper. Most of the people were past middle life, and many were bowed with the weight of years. There were only one or two young faces to be seen, and they seemed rather to increase the sadness than to brighten the picture, when it was considered that they, too, were deprived of two of God's most precious gifts to mortals.

The services were opened with a short prayer. Kneeling before a low desk, the pastor raised his hands and eyes to heaven and then followed a rapid series of signs, as earnest and expressive as any utterance could have been, and surely just as acceptable to the Maker. After the prayer, Mr. Bailey read short selections from the Bible, throwing a fervor and fire into his motions that cannot be comprehended till seen. Never was there a more apprehensive audience or one that paid closer attention. Every eye was riveted on the speaker, and his every motion was followed, fraught, as it was, with living comfort and truth. The readings were followed by a short discourse, which, though unintelligible to the reporter, was successful in impressing him with the earnestness of the pastor to impart to his congregation the spirit of Christ's teaching, in language as gloomy as gesture could convey.

When the meeting was finished, each one in silence took leave of the dim little church. The air of sadness and pain which had been present on many faces gave place to an expression of hope and contentment. Not a word had been said, not a sound uttered, and yet, by the language of signs, heart had communed with hand, and comfort had been given to those to whom comfort had else been denied.—Boston Globe.

Elmer E. Smith's address is Corry, Pa.

Mr. William E. Grimes is again in Germantown, Pa.

The sister of Miss Mary Overton, of Albany, N. Y., died Sunday last.

Miss Nellie E. Barrett, of Amherst, N. H., is now in Winchester, Mass.

William J. Reilly returned to New York, after a five weeks' visit at Newport, R. I., on Tuesday.

Ed. C. Rider, son of Mr. H. C. Rider, of Mexico, N. Y., is clerking in Catskill. So a correspondent says.

Miss Myra L. Barrager, of New York, is stopping with Mrs. J. H. Eddy.—Rome, N. Y., Daily Sentinel, Aug. 11.

Edward Dunlap, of Brooklyn, has been a "gentleman of leisure" for two months—having been out of employment.

Miss Nellie E. Barrett lost a brother last summer, of diphtheria, and lost another one, July 21st, of galloping consumption.

The estimable sister of Miss Mary Maloy, of Albany, N. Y., died last month, aged eighteen years. Mary deeply mourns her loss.

Mr. Clarence C. Logan, of Belfast, Me., desires all the mute preachers as well as the public in general to attend the Mission meeting on August 25th.

Prof. Rowland B. Lloyd and wife, of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, are stopping with Prof. T. H. Jewell.—Rome, N. Y., Daily Sentinel, Aug. 11.

Mr. Albert W. Chapman, of Cambridgeport, Mass., accompanied by Miss Bella Plagg, of Boston, witnessed the game of ball between the Boston and Providence nines, Saturday afternoon last.

On Sunday, of last week, Messrs. Thaddeus S. Mundis and Geo. E. Kohler and wife, her brother, Bird Krestand, and Miss Ellen S. Wentz, had a pleasant time at a camp-meeting at Emig's Grove.

"Barbara" says his friend, Mr. Morris Rhoven, a clerk of the Getty House, Yonkers, N. Y., likes to read the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL very much. He will be pleased to see any mute at the Getty House.

The report of "Dude," in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, about the Ladies' Society of Albany, was slightly wrong. The reason no meetings have been held this summer is out of respect to deceased friends of the members.

Mr. I. N. Soper, of New York, left, yesterday afternoon, for a two weeks' vacation. He started for Maine on the steamboat "Franconia." Massachusetts friends will receive a visit. He will return to New York in time to take in the Convention.

Mr. W. L. Waters, of New York, has been very sick with his liver trouble for some time past, and has been confined to his bed for three weeks. He is now able to sit up, and will go to the country in Connecticut as soon as he is strong enough to undertake the journey.

Mrs. Joseph VanCortlandt, of Philadelphia, whose maiden name was Burton, makes jackets exceedingly well. The boss likes her way of working, as she makes them fast and well. It is said that she beats the others girls who compete with or are employed with her.

Alva Jeffords has returned to Iliopolis from Naples, Ill.

Messrs. Sprague and Knoche, of Baltimore, Md., will attend the Convention.

A Knoche, of Baltimore, would like to join a base ball nine to play at the Convention.

William Durian desires to know the address of his friends, U. S. Dunn and J. B. Lloyd, through the JOURNAL.

Miss Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn., will stay with Mrs. Roberts, of this city, for a while in two weeks.

Miss M. Kline, of New York City, has secured a position as dressmaker, and will not return to school again.

Bella Brady, of New York City, received a canary bird on her birthday—the first week of August—but it was killed by the cat.

The family of Rev. Mr. Mann are visiting at his brother's in Corning, Iowa. Rev. Mr. Mann returns home to Cleveland on the 14th inst.

Prof. J. H. Eddy and wife, of Rome; Mr. T. F. Fox, of New York; Prof. T. H. Jewell and family, Prof. R. B. Lloyd and family, and Miss Myra L. Barrager, are among the "cottagers" at Fish Creek, Oneida Lake, N. Y.

Mr. James S. Wells, of Baltimore, Md., visited the JOURNAL office on Tuesday last, in company with his two little daughters, one of whom is a deaf-mute. He will remain in this city about three weeks with his mother.

Geo. A. Thornton, of Elkland, Tioga, Co., Pa., is a peddler. He was educated at the Philadelphia School, attending school from 1841 to 1847. He lost his hearing and speech at the age of five, from scarlet fever.

Louis Bischof, brother of Miss Carrie Bischof, of Crawfordville, Ind., will soon start for New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities, to purchase dry goods, etc. Carrie will return to her home in Terre Haute, Ind., in the fall.

James E. Ross, of New York City, who graduated at the Old 44th St. School, is working with William Hicks & Co., as a cigar-box maker, and he says he earns good wages to support his aged mother and sister and brother. His father died many years ago.

From a private source, we learn that the Superintendent of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the steward have resigned, but that yielding to earnest solicitations, the Superintendent, Mr. Platt, has consented to remain till his successor can be appointed.—Deaf-Mute Opic, August '83.

Michael McPaul, of Tarrytown, N. Y., writes: "I am sorry that I cannot run in the 75 yards dash for the Deaf-Mute Championship of the United States, at Jones' Woods, August 31st, because I will be too busy to run. But I would like to know who can beat my best record for that distance—7½ seconds."

Mr. Andrews, of Baltimore, and Miss Attie Garrett, of King and Queen Co., Va., both graduates of the Virginia Institution, enjoyed the one day company in West Point, Va., of their old teacher, Rev. Job. Turner, on the 8th of this month, on his way home from St. Paul Church, Essex Co., Va., where he conducted two services, on Sunday and Monday, August 5th and 6th.

Mutes on the Susquehanna.

Two young gentlemen, who are teachers in a Deaf and Dumb Institute in Columbus, Ohio, were encamped on the shore of the river a short distance below town, on Sunday last. Their names were R. P. McGrover and R. Patterson. They left Columbus, June 26th, and expect to reach New York, Aug. 27th. They had two first-class canoes, one being veneered, an excellent tent, and a full set of cooking utensils. They were intelligent young men, and indicated they were enjoying the trip immensely. They intend to go via the Lehigh River, by crossing over through the canal from Wilkesbarre. They had seldom stopped at a hotel during the time, but had come overland from the Lake to Elmira, and thence down the river. They were somewhat bronzed by exposure, but expressed themselves delighted with the beautiful scenery and silvery waters of the Susquehanna.—Towanda, Pa., Argus.

A Singular Being.

The "mute wild man" of Wyoming, who created so much excitement in that locality for a long time, from his habit of roaming wildly through the forest of that county, has lately been admitted to the State Hospital for the Insane of that place, by an order of Judge Ingham. This singular creature is now about thirty-four years of age. He was born in the woods, where his parents lived in a wretched hole or cave excavated in the ground. He was allowed to run wild "from his youth up," and never wore any clothes until recently, when he was captured and brought to the Wyoming County Jail at Tunkhannock, where he was incarcerated preliminary to an investigation and determination of his mental status. It was discovered that his food when at large was toads, chipmunks, corn, berries, roots and such other articles as came to hand. It appears that he has never been able to talk, and had a sister similarly afflicted, who, like him, roamed the woods in a state of wildness and nudity, until lately, the brother killed her with a scythe. And stranger of all, it is stated that the father of this couple was a man of literary tastes, frequently wrote poetry; possibly it might have been for the Williamsport Breakfast Table.—Danville Intelligencer.

A correspondent says that Glen Island, the place selected for an excursion of the Second National Convention, is one of the best and most popular resorts within a short distance of New York City, and he predicts that all the most respectable ladies and gentlemen will prefer to go there.

Mr. Andrew Pierce is an elderly deaf-mute gentleman, living in the village of New Egypt, N. J. He was educated at the New York (50th street) School, and left there (42) forty-two years ago. His dear mother was assistant matron of the school, while Andrew was being educated, a period of about six years, and died six years ago. When Andrew was young, he worked hard, and supported his mother faithfully. Mr. Pierce is a single man, owns three houses, six acres of ground and some stock in the Camden Rail Road, and is happy. He now has sufficient in his old age to keep him comfortably, without having to work hard. He enjoys good health, and is still strong and able-bodied. He understands the trades of tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, chair and basket-making, clock-making and canning. He is quite a genius, and built his own houses. His example is a good one for the younger mutes of this generation to follow, as respects industrious application to business.

A MIRACLE IN COURT.

A DEAF AND DUMB MAN SUDDENLY RECOVERS HIS SPEECH AND HEARING.

A small man, with red hair, was arraigned in the Tombs Police Court yesterday by officer Junker, of the Mulberry Street Police station. The officer had noticed the prisoner at the corner of Prince and Crosby Sts., early in the morning, holding a cigar-box in which were several rolls of money. Supposing the cash to be the proceeds of robbery, the officer arrested the strawberry blonde and charged him with being a suspicious character. Upon throwing open his coat in the court-room a small placard was discovered hanging from his breast informing the public that he was 1,000 miles from his home, and that he was deaf and dumb.

"What have you to say to the charge of being a suspicious person," asked the Police Justice, sparring for an opening.

"Nothin', y'oner—I'm deaf in dum," answered the prisoner.

"How is your eyesight," continued the Justice. "Pretty good," continued Sheldon evidently forgetting that he was deaf and dumb.

"Where did you recover the use of your voice and ears," next asked the Justice.

"Me voice and ears?" queried the prisoner—then suddenly realizing his position, his face turned red and white by turns, he muttered: "I am deaf and dum"; I don't know what you're saying. He was fined \$10, and went down stairs making good use of his lungs.—Morning Journal, August 13.

New Yorkers will be glad to learn that Miss Lizzie Noble is again in their midst.

William A. Emmons, of East Millstone, N. J., has been sick, but is now all right again.

Miss Georgie Loomis has returned from New Haven, Ct., to New York City, after a very pleasant trip.

Miss Chrissie Howard is at Lake George, and is quartered at the Grove House. She will remain about two weeks.

William D. Frey, who has been rusticiating in the country for a few weeks past, is again in Gotham, and is making the crackers fly.

Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet and family have returned from Asbury Park, and are enquiring at Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. Miss G. Walter is at Morristown, N. J.

By some blunder, the name of the band which is to furnish the music at the picnic of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, was given as Luster. It should have been "Sause."

Mr. C. H. Hill, of Frederick, visited Prof. Chaplain, of Easton, last week. Mr. Hill is a teacher in the State Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and was looking up deaf-mutes entitled to tuition and board in the Asylum.—Easton Md., Star, August 7.

James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute, does not believe that he will attend the National Deaf-Mute Convention, for he is under obligation to go over to the Kingston, N. Y., Convention. He would like Messrs. Solomon H. Winne and Harry Davitt to be present there.

Miss Celia J. Maul, an intelligent mute young lady of Pittsburgh, South Side, accompanied by her speaking cousin of the same place, have been the guests of their relatives in Freedom, Beaver County, Pa. They had a most delightful time there, and returned home recently.

Mr. C. W. Stowell, supervisor at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is visiting in town for a few days, the guest of Louis Reinbolt. He will go to Niagara Falls to-morrow, where he will stay until Saturday, when he will go to Buffalo, and thence to New York in about two weeks. He has charge of about two hundred boys at the Inst.—Towanda, N. Y., Herald, August 9.

At the annual picnic of Grace Episcopal Church of Mexico, New York, which was held at Mexico Point, on August 8th, there were a number of deaf-mutes present. Mr. Henry C. Rider, who is head warden of the church, was the manager on the occasion, and did much to make the affair a success. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rider, and family, Mrs. Chandler and daughter, Miss Avery, and Mr. T. F. Fox, of New York. A delightful sail in one of the boats from the life saving station formed an important part of the programme.

Baltimore Picnic.

The annual reunion and picnic of the present and former pupils of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, situated at Frederick City, was held to-day in Grove No. 8, at Druid Hill Park. As early as ten o'clock the pupils, accompanied by their parents and friends, assembled in the grove and indulged in all sorts of outdoor games, such as base ball, croquet, swinging, etc., which was kept up during the afternoon. Mr. William R. Barry, Vice-President of the School, was present and cared for the comfort of the pupils. Visitors from Philadelphia and the various counties were also present. The school now numbers ninety-four pupils, forty of which are from Baltimore City. The articulation branches are taught as well as signs.—Baltimore Day, August 9.

ALBANY SALMAGUNDI.

Owing to the large number of mutes leaving the city on their vacation, to get up a long article would be impossible, and those who are interested in the Albany articles which occasionally appear in the JOURNAL, will no doubt be disappointed when they see so small a one.

While our correspondent was strolling down Broadway the other evening, his attention was drawn toward a large crowd congregating in front of one of the many drinking saloons that infest that thoroughfare. Curious to learn what was going on, he hastened there, and what was his surprise on seeing a deaf-mute couple standing in the doorway talking in the sign-language. Who it was he did not know, but was of the opinion that they were J. M. T. Davis and the woman he is traveling with, as they were seen some time ago selling alphabet cards.

Owing to the scarcity of work, Wm. Ennis, who has been in the city for the past two weeks, left for home the other day.

It is with regret that we learn of the death of Miss Agnes Overton, the sister of Mary, at one time a pupil of the New York Institution. With those with whom she came in contact, she was not only liked, but was loved for her many pleasant and winning ways, which only a young lady of her disposition could possess.

Michael McLaughlin, a car-cleaner at the Union Depot, expects to take in the Convention.

We learn that Lawlor and Letts, who left Albany to accept a more lucrative position in a shoe factory in the western part of the State, are doing exceedingly well.

Miss Warren, of whom was spoken in the last issue of the JOURNAL, but one, denies the statement that she remarked: "Any high-toned gentlemen with fine clothes could become a member of the society she was about to organize," and in justice to her we contradict the statement.

Were it not for the many engagements of a large number of Albany mutes, they would undoubtedly attend the Convention, but cruel fate has ordained otherwise. Should circumstances permit, your correspondent will disgrace it with his presence. His mission being not only to attend it, but also to take in New York, which city he is unacquainted with.

M. R. Palmer left for New York Monday last, from whence he goes to Ocean Grove.

AQUEERCUS.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

Death of Miss Ella Weinberger.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE CITY.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

There is considerable ill-feeling manifested among New York and Brooklyn mutes in regard to the appointments of Edmund Booth, in reference to the Convention. The article by "A Member of the First Convention," which was printed in the last issue of the JOURNAL, is heartily endorsed by all. The appointment of such a man as the Chairman is an insult and a disgrace to all intelligent mutes, and the prevailing opinion is that he was appointed to serve the ends of Booth himself, and not for the good of the Convention, for a worse mute for the position could not have been appointed. At the Convention, deaf-mutes will remember all this, and vote for men who are good and true, and who will serve the interests of the deaf-mutes at large, instead of those whose motto is "each for yourself, hence take your neighbor," and who will sacrifice the good of hundreds to vent personal spleen on a few.

However, it is one consolation that the duties of the Local Committee end with the hiring of the hall, etc., and that they will have no power at all in matters relating to the Convention, when it is once in progress.

The New York Sun, of Sunday last, has an article relating to a disturbance about the dates of the Convention Excursion and the Catholic Literary Union Picnic. [It is printed on another column.—Ed.] Readers, just glance at the JOURNAL, of May 3d, and you can find out for yourselves if the Catholic Literary Union Picnic was not advertised before the announcement of the date of the Convention. It is not necessary to dwell on this matter, as the intelligent public understands what sort of a person the Chairman of the Local Committee of the Convention is, and no faith will be put in any of his utterances.

James H. Caton, the blind mute of the New York Institution, with Austin Sinclair, is in town.

William Eltrich is going to "vacation," in the vicinity of Portchester, with his old chum and schoolmate, Robert Hall.

Messrs. Russell, Jubring and Pownall were at Long Beach one day last week. The death of Joseph Davis is confirmed. He was walking on the track of the New Haven Railroad, and had just got out of the limits of Stamford, Conn., when an express train came along and ran him down. The pilot caught him near the knee—tearing his legs off at that point. He was dashed against a stone wall with such force that his brains were scattered across the face of the wall, and not a whole bone was left in his body, the bones sticking through the skin in several places. Strings of flesh fully a foot long, hung from the stump of his legs where they had been torn off. The remains were put on board the train and brought to the Grand Central Depot, where the Coroner was notified, who gave a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Miss Ella Weinberger, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, is no more. After a brief illness her spirit passed away at half-past three o'clock, Saturday afternoon. The disease which terminated her life is said to be typhus-malaria. Deaf-mutes who attended the receptions of the Twilight Union at Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger's can not fail to remember her kind behavior to all. It is almost unnecessary to say that the bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of all deaf-mutes.

The floral offerings were numerous, and the house was thronged with those who came to pay their respects to the dead. The funeral took place Monday. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery.

William Ennis arrived from Albany Monday last.

John F. O'Brien was up around High Bridge Sunday last.

Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., arrived in the city Tuesday morning last. He remained all day at the New York Institution, and left on Wednesday for Ocean Grove, where he will be the guest of Alex. Pach for a few days. He will be obliged to return home on Saturday, and regrets exceedingly that he will be unable to attend the Convention, as he cannot get off.

Mr. I. N. Soper left for a two weeks' jaunt in Maine and Massachusetts, Wednesday last. He will return in time to aid the Convention by his presence.

X.

A Deaf-Mute Knocked Down and Robbed.

John Voltz, a deaf-mute shoemaker, and a resident of Bay St. Louis, Miss., arrived in New Orleans, La., one day last week, and went to see his friend James Senly, a deaf-mute mechanic, who lives in Algiers, La. While there, he went to St. Charles, and while returning lost his way. At 12 o'clock, he found himself in Bank Alley, near Gravier Street, where he was knocked down by two young men, who robbed him of \$8, his hat, pants, coat, shoes and stockings. He was found by a gentleman, who secured him lodging for the night.

A Flattering Offer.

We have been informed that Prof. H. C. Hammond, of the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institute, has been tendered the position of Superintendent of the Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. This Institution is the largest one west of the Mississippi River—averaging over three hundred pupils each season, and rapidly increasing. The offer of this position to Prof. Hammond, is certainly a flattering compliment, and indicates his standing in the profession as an educator. By his removal, the cause of education in general, and that of deaf-mutes in particular, would suffer. He will not at present make known his decision, but we hope for the good of our State and its many unfortunate that he will decline the offer. Under his Superintendency our Institution has made great progress, and it would be hard indeed to find another such a progressive principal as he. Say No, professor!—Little Rock, Ark., Gazette, Aug. 8.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes, and of their officers. Those who desire to send their card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

(Closed for the summer. Will re-open early in September.)

ST. LOUIS.

Miscellaneous Sparks.

The Deaf-Mutes' Picnic an Assured Success.

Perhaps a few of the JOURNAL's numerous readers heaved a sigh of relief when they observed our usual windy, dry old letter did not turn up last week; we have been slightly "under the weather" for some time, but having recovered our former liveliness, we proceed to business, though to tell the plan, unvarnished truth, items are uncommonly scarce in this "howling wilderness" at present.

The Sunday "blue law," which is being vigorously enforced by all of the "stalwart cops," caused many a red-nosed sinner (particularly those who own saloons) to feel decidedly "blue," and it is needless to say, that their remarks, (when speaking of the law and the Legislature that passed it) are not complimentary to the law or the law-makers. On the first Sunday, after being warned, between 1,500 and 2,000 places where liquor was sold in some form or other kept open doors; the base ball clubs played ball the same as of yore; street cars and other business places were in full blast, too. During the past week, however, there has been a great change, every one of the law-breakers received a free pass in the shape of a warrant to attend a matinee (against their will) at the court house sometime in the near future, and this scared them so much that not more than two hundred saloon keepers kept open last Sunday; but base ball, and the street cars still flourish, and the end it is not yet, as the saloon keepers vow they will "fight the law out on that line, if it takes all summer." Perhaps they and their partners, the toughs, might bite off more than they could chew? Seriously considered, the law is undoubtedly a good thing in many respects, especially in regard to saloons, and Chicago ought to have one, too; for report credits it with having at least three saloons to every one down here. Great scott! no wonder the country is going to the dogs.

The boys were all pained to hear of the death of Mr. J. W. Tinnen, who died at his parents' home in Litchfield, Ill., a short time since, of slow consumption. Mr. Tinnen had only been a member of the Deaf-Mute Club a few months when he was forced to leave the city. In behalf of St. Louis mutes, we tender our warmest sympathy to his young wife, hoping she will, in time, draw comfort from the fact that her husband is in the land where suffering is unknown, and she may rejoice him after a while.

Young Martin Fomianick is in rare luck, as he has secured a place at a grain elevator across the river, at a salary that many an older mute would be glad to get. The work is hard, but Martin's strong and full of grit, so we think (and hope) he will succeed in keeping his job. Martin's father has been sick for some time, so the big part of the burden comes on him—all honor to a lad like him, even though he don't know any Latin or Greek.

We neglected to note Miss Lizzie Forgy's visit to Chicago several weeks ago. She thinks Chicago is quite as big as our village, and would like to emigrate there if she could, but circumstances over which she has no control keep her on this side of the "big muddy." Every one speaks so well of our Chicago neighbors that we contemplate a trip that way when opportunity offers.

Mrs. Tillie and Miss Mattie Campbell returned home from their month's sojourn at Clarksville, much improved in every way, especially in flesh, due to the unlimited amount of bread and milk they had in the country.

The Clipper Base Ball Club has been having hard luck lately, and have played no games yet, though we said they were going to, and they would have, last week, only the club that was to play them backed out, thereby giving the mutes the game. They will play on Saturday hereafter, which compels them to go without the services of two of their best players. The "dark horse" catcher, Tennie Martin, is going on crutches at present, his health having given way from working too hard in a tobacco factory. Notwithstanding all this, the manager says "if he can scrape together a nine, no matter how weak, he will play Saturday next, if they do get left—" anything for a change.

In anticipation of the picnic, Charles Schlipp blossomed out in a dust-colored suit—wonder where he raised the dust? Several of the Clippers are getting parti-colored uniforms; the caps agree, but alas! the shirts. One young Dude has a dark green shirt, laced with a blue silk cord, a watch chain, turnip and crimson bandanna. Another comes out in a blue check. The next one has a dizzy red. Still another blue, and so on through the ranks. We imagine they will create a sensation if they can muster up enough courage to appear that way!

There is nothing else talked of among St. Louis fair ones at present, save that darling, sweet old picnic; we were bored for three long weary, weary hours by somebody with questions such as—"Now, dear, don't you think my bangs are lovely." "Isn't my pink dress better than that horrid ange-

lina's blue." "I wonder, dear, if there will be any ice cream" (we solemnly hope not). "You won't get mad if I dance with Fred?" (our bitter foe, oh gall and wormwood!) and we can't say what else, perhaps somebody can tell how it is himself.

There will be a number of mutes from surrounding towns at the picnic—how many, it is impossible to tell till we see them.

The Deaf-Mute Club held a special meeting to consider some of the minor details regarding their picnic, last Saturday evening, and a canvass of the number of tickets sold so far shows the picnic is a "dead sure" success, financially, at least, and probably in every other way. There will be a couple of gentlemanly "bouncers" at the gate to attend to "dead heads" and "toughs," besides a couple of the "finest," so no disturbance can possibly ensue.

PICNIC PICKERINGS.

We wonder who will be the champion Dude?

If Kerry Patch can and will refrain from cock-tails?

If any one can get outside of more lemonade than Hugh Lamb?

If Sammy Perlmutter and those nine-dollar pants will show the girls how to dance?

If the other fellows, whose girls are left in the dancing contest, will leave enough of the Awarding Committee to fill a cigar-box?

If young "Jumbo" won't have a girl with him?

If Fred Mueller will let pool cigars alone, and stop stuffing the green ones with yarns about his immense rowing powers?

We wonder if we don't get ahead of every one else in writing up that picnic; if not, we will end our miserable existence. JIM JAMS.

August 6, 1883.

The Hoosier Capital.

We have been visited by several very damaging storms a few weeks past, but this week we have had very fine weather.

Preparations for the coming encampment of the various companies of militia throughout Indiana and neighboring States, are rapidly going forward. The encampment opens on the 13th inst., and continues through the week.

Railroads will sell excursion tickets, and the mutes living in Indiana and neighboring States, will have a good chance of coming to Indianapolis.

Another literary meeting of the Indianapolis Literary Society was held on Thursday, August 2d.

The exercises consisted of a Recitation, by Mr. John Johannes; a debate on this question "Which is the more productive to society, city or country life?" by Messrs. Inman and Willits, on the side of country, and Messrs. Mobley and Peck, on the side of city; the result was a tie; a dialogue entitled "the Teacher's Troubles," and a declamation by Mr. C. O. Dantzer, on "The Soldier's Dream." As usual, a few minutes were given for the visitors to say a few words.

Miss Bella Lowe, a teacher at the Indianapolis School, is home from Cincinnati.

Messrs. John T. Saxon, John De-wester and Albert S. Higgins, graduates of the Indiana Institution, paid Indianapolis a visit on the 5th inst.

The mutes of Indianapolis held a Basket Picnic in the grove east of the Female Reformatory, on the 8th inst. Nearly fifty mutes attended, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Vail, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Corwin, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Hack, Miss Bella Lowe, Miss Cora Coe, Miss Alice Robinson, Miss Lottie Kurtz, and also Messrs. T. R. Michael, Chas. Steinwenter and James Comley.

There was plenty of sport. We witnessed a wrestling contest between Messrs. T. Michael and J. Cavanaugh. The latter won.

We also had a sack race, but each man stumbled and fell before he had gone five feet.

Besides we had a swing, a ham-mock and plenty of ice-cream, and do not forget it.

Mr. T. Michael was sporting a magic bouquet. It looked so beautiful, several young ladies could not help asking to smell it.

C. O. D.

INDIANAPOLIS, 8-9-83.

ALABAMA.

We want to know whether one Willie Kennedy, of Knoxville, Tenn., is a regular dead beat, or a sporadic one. He left his hotel bill behind him in Birmingham, and also beat his unsuspecting friends out of money he borrowed.

Prof. W. S. Johnson, of Alabama, will start for Charleston, S. C., this week; from thence he will embark on a steamship for New York City.

Prof. and Mrs. Fisher, of the Georgia Institution, expect to greet their old friends with their presence at the Convention.

We advocate the holding of the next Convention in the city of Chicago.

Prof. J. A. Hoge, of Alabama, will take a short jaunt in the mountains of North Georgia, this month. It is the thing he so much needs for his health and spirits. He was in Birmingham, Ala., last week, looking after his real estate interests.

Mrs. W. E. Toney, of Union Springs, Ala., mother of Mrs. Mary E. Toney, an estimable teacher of the Alabama Institution, contemplates moving to the growing city of Anniston, Ala., twenty miles from the Institution.

MILWAUKEE.

A Deaf-Mute Picnic.

PERSONALS OF INTEREST.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I am going to give some account of the Deaf-Mute Picnic in Menasha, which was held on the Fourth of July. This picnic was a great success, notwithstanding changes of the weather. Prior to the Fourth, Charles Reed, of Menasha, a popular mute in the community, sent invitations to the mutes living in Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Appleton, Deper, Green Bay, Shawano, Marinette, Milwaukee, Jefferson and Chicago. Answers were received from Appleton, Deper, Green Bay and Marinette, from the mutes, who sent their regrets, as they were unable to be present at the picnic, owing to bad weather. However, one from Chicago with her two children, an other from Milwaukee, and the other one from Jefferson, came to Menasha to enjoy the picnic. The Chicago, Milwaukee and Shawano mutes were the first arrivals.

On the morning of the Fourth, more mutes came from Oshkosh, Neenah and Jefferson, to join the Menasha Mute Picnic, in spite of the morning showers. Those present at the picnic were Charles Reed, Mrs. Charles Reed, George Kelly, Abeze Jarvis and family; Marshall Bookmann, Rachel Gullickson, Henry Knoblock, Louisa Dunkie, Edwin H. Ernst, George F. Worden, Lillie Cowham, Ruth Wright, Katie Morris and two children, Dora Andrews, Louisa H. Bushnell and Philip S. Engelhardt. I am obliged to omit their residences for some good reason.

Charles Reed, his wife and their parents, were much pleased to see their old friends and acquaintances again.

In the forenoon, it rained considerably, and kept the mutes within doors for one or two hours. But towards and after dinner, dampness of grass and mud were dried up rapidly by the sun.

Dinner was tastefully arranged and served by Mrs. Reed, with the aid of several young ladies. The guests at the table spent a pleasant time in eating and chatting.

At the dinner table, one of the guests declared to the ladies that he would give a prize to any mute lady who should win a boat race that afternoon. The ladies were glad to accept the offer. Another gentleman declared he would add something to the offered prize.

After dinner, the mutes went to the grove near the residence, to indulge in different games the rest of the afternoon.

Between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, Dora Andrews was the first lady to row around one of the cribs and back to the starting point, and made the course in five minutes. Ruth Wright was the next lady to follow the same course, but drifted a little out of the course. However, she rowed quite well both ways, and made the course in five minutes. The umpire could not give a good decision about the square race, and had to appoint three to form a Committee to decide the race fairly. Finally, the Committee declared Ruth Wright the winner, because she took the longest course, and rowed it in the same time Dora Andrews did. Accordingly, the prize money was given to Ruth Wright. The mutes applauded her, and declared that she was the lady champion of this State.

After the boat race, the ladies were given pleasant rides in turn on the river till supper. After supper, some fireworks were displayed.

All the party were invited to Mr. Abeze Jarvis' house to spend a pleasant evening. Indoor games were indulged in. One of the games was quite laughable. Persons were requested to sit on a jug, while he or she tried to thrust thread through the hole of a needle without losing their equilibrium, but they always lost their balance before they could thrust the thread through the hole of the needle. Charles Reed was the only gentleman who succeeded in this performance, and five of the ladies succeeded in this game. The rest of the party made a failure of it, and gave up the attempt. Some of the party went home in Menasha and Neenah, but several staid till late in the afternoon, as they waited for the afternoon train. They arrived at Oshkosh quite tired, but well pleased.

Louis H. Bushnell and P. S. Engelhardt had a splendid time in visiting acquaintances in Oshkosh. They had the great pleasure of driving into the country with some young ladies, to visit the parents of one of them. The next day, they bid good-bye to each other and separated for Milwaukee and Jefferson.

Charles Reed is attending to the farming business, and is successful in it. He has a very pleasant wife, boy and parents. His brother, Harry, is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College. Many thanks are due them for their kindness in arranging such a delightful picnic for their mutes friends.

There was general regret expressed among the picnickers, that Harry Reed was not present at the picnic, as he was in Chicago at the time.

Edwin H. Ernst, is a cigarmaker and taxidermist by trade, and doing very well. His specimens of birds, little animals, snakes, etc., are finely

and tastefully arranged in a large, upright show case, which is exhibited in his father's store as an advertisement for his business. Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, who attended the funeral of his father-in-law, gave Mr. Ernst ten dollars, for stuffing his dead parrot, though Mr. Ernst asked but three or six dollars for it.

Mr. Louis H. Bushnell is a jolly fellow, a brunette, and quite attentive to the ladies. He is a shoemaker by trade, and well. He supports his mother like a dutiful son.

Abeze Jarvis is a quiet man, and well-to-do cooper by trade. He owns a cosy home, which is well kept by his wife. His children are well behaved and quite bright.

Marshall Bookmann is a cigarmaker by occupation, and making lot of shekels.

George Warden is a strongly-built mute, and a farm hand by occupation. He makes twenty or twenty-five dollars per month with board.

The ladies who were at the Menasha Mute Picnic, are keeping house for their parents and relatives. They are quite sensible, intelligent and neat in appearance.

Jacob Tuttle, a veteran peddler, is tramping in Milwaukee with dirt-cheap chromos under his arm. The writer was informed that he defrauded a person out of a few cents, and skipped out instantly, after receiving ten cents for a five-cent chromo without returning the change. The defrauded people were quite astonished at his hasty exit. The victim has a grown up deaf daughter.

Mr. Daniels, of Chicago, is in this city, selling goods.

The Milwaukee mutes always give the mute-peddlers a cold shoulder.

William Brophy was in this city a few weeks ago, but remained for only a few hours. He brought buggy materials with the writer, and went home with his uncle in the afternoon.

William Neumayer left Milwaukee for his home last July, and intends to come here no more.

Prof. James C. Balis has returned here to spend vacation with his mother and sister. He expects to go back to Turtle Creek, Penn., at the end of this month.

Fred Stickle, who went to Dea-ware to work two weeks ago, has returned here to stay and work, as he got sick of the quiet country.

A. R. Grant went to Chicago to work in the Pullman Car Shops last week, after visiting his family.

I read in the JOURNAL that Mr. Booth has made the final announcement about the Local Committee and arrangements for the Second National Deaf-Mute Convention. Now, every thing is done with perfect satisfaction.

A. BADGER.

August 7, 1883.

THE LOCAL COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

ED. JOURNAL:—Mr. Edmund Booth's reason for delaying the appointment of a Local Committee to make arrangements for the Second National Convention was, to say the least, exceedingly flimsy. He assigns as one of them, his want of information, but says nothing about having offered the chairmanship of the Local Committee, sometime during the first part of July, to Mr. John Wilkinson, with power to appoint others to assist him.

Mr. W. promptly accepted the position, and selected as his assistants four prominent mutes—Messrs. G. L. Reynolds, C. O'Brien, James Russell and I. N. Soper. These gentlemen represent the best and most intelligent mutes and leading societies of New York and vicinity, the Chairman being President of the Manhattan Literary Association; another is the Second Vice-President of the same society, and also Secretary-elect of "the Guild of Silent Workers"; still another has been President and is now Secretary, of the Twilight Union, and is also a member of the Manhattan Literary Association and the "Guild"; the fourth is President of the Catholic Literary Union, and a member of the Twilight Union, and the fifth is Treasurer of the Twilight Union and also a member of the "Guild." A representative Committee, and one that would be an honor to the Convention and to New York.

This Committee immediately went to work, and had just got their plans well outlined, when lo! a second letter from Mr. Booth arrives in which, without reasons, the Committee was "excused" from further service.

Such conduct from the venerable Chairman of the Executive Committee, naturally created much astonishment and distrust, and this feeling grew and strengthened as week after week passed and still no other Committee was appointed. That "a nigger was on the fence" was pretty generally believed, and that some people were doing the utmost to have postponed to the latest possible moment the selection of a Local Committee in order to create doubt as to whether a Convention would actually be held, was thought to be true.

But whether the impressions created by the remarkable action of Mr. Booth have any foundation in fact, is now of little moment. A Local Committee has at last been appointed, which, while not giving entire satisfaction, can perform the thankless work assigned them in a creditable manner, and after having made their report to the Convention, will have no further authority as a Committee.

The writer therefore beseeches all to banish hard feelings and bitter personalities from their minds, and unite in one hearty effort to make the Convention a brilliant success, that will rebound to the credit of our class, and be a pleasure and profit to all.

ST. JULIEN.

HACKED TO DEATH.

Murder of a Deaf, Dumb and Blind Girl.

A BABY SISTER ACCUSED.

A Handsome Buffalo Mute Girl Enticed from Home.

ROW AMONG NEW YORK DEAF-MUTES.

HALIFAX, N. S., August 9.—News was received here to-day of a horrible and shocking murder which had occurred at Guysboro. The victim of the crime was a deaf, dumb and blind girl, about twenty-one years of age, named Ada Bayard. It is stated that the father of the girl, who lives about a mile this side of Guysboro, came in to town on Saturday, leaving at home the deceased, his wife, who was the girl's stepmother, and some younger children. On returning in the evening, he learned that his wife had gone to town shortly after he did, and had not yet returned. He also discovered Ada lying in the house, suffering from wounds apparently inflicted with an axe. The following morning the victim died. A Coroner's inquest was held on the remains, when evidence was adduced showing that the deed had been committed by a five-year-old daughter of Bayard. The little girl, it was testified, had, after the mother's departure for Guysboro, locked herself in the house with her deaf, dumb and blind sister and then perpetrated the crime. There is an impression, however, among Bayard's neighbors and many who heard the evidence given at the inquest, that the little girl was not the one who committed the crime.

The New York World, of August 10th, says that "there is an impression among the Bayards' neighbors and many who heard the evidence given at the inquest, that the little girl was not the one who committed the murder. It is said that the family refuse to allow a searching examination of the remains to be made by a physician, and that a man who has been intimate with the family, and particularly with the unfortunate girl, is unaccountably missing. The strange and mysterious affair has caused great excitement, and the arrest of Mrs. Bayard is expected."

Evening Telegram, August 8.

Alfaretta's Mute Misery.

MERRITT, Wis., Aug. 10.—In an early train yesterday, a handsome deaf and dumb girl, age nineteen years, arrived, and asked by writing on a tablet for the Leclaire hotel. She was told that there was no hotel by that name, but a man named Leclaire kept a house. The girl was nearly crazed with fright, and begged to be taken home at once. It appears she lives in Buffalo, N. Y., and is named Alfaretta Snyder. Her people are highly respectable, but she lives unhappily with her stepmother, and answering an advertisement in a New York paper, she thus made the acquaintance of Leclaire, who led her away. He still has possession of her baggage, but he cannot be found. Money was raised, and the young woman sent home. Leclaire will be prosecuted.

Trouble Among New York Mutes.

The Sun, of Sunday last, says: "A controversy has arisen between the Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes and the National Deaf-Mute Convention, because of each organization naming the same day for a picnic. The Convention will hold meetings at Lyric Hall on August 28th, 29th and 30th, and will end its proceedings on the 31st by an excursion to Glen Island. The C. L. U. have arranged for a picnic at Jones' Wood on the same day.

"The Chairman of the Local Committee of the Convention made a Sun reporter understand yesterday that J. F. Donnelly, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the Catholic mutes' picnic, had done an ungenerous thing by giving out to the newspapers that the National Deaf-Mute Literary Society picnic would take place together on August 31st. He said that the National Convention had nothing to do with the Catholic Society. The Convention was composed of mutes from the different States, was mostly Protestant, and was of nearly all nationalities. The Catholic mutes were of New York and Brooklyn only. It was always customary to end the Convention with an excursion. Mr. Donnelly, he said, waited to see when the Convention would be held, and then slipped in his picnic for the last day.

"Mr. Donnelly said that he named the date of the Catholic Mutes' Picnic before he knew when the National Convention was to be held, and that the Convention planned the Excursion to Glen Island to keep its members from attending the Picnic. He attributed their conduct to jealousy."

The National Deaf and Dumb Society, England.

Arrivals and Departures.

OCEAN GROVE.

Arrivals and Departures.

MINOR EVENTS.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

During the past week, two large bodies have been in session here, one, the National Educational Assembly, had among the prominent workers, Gov. Patterson, of Pennsylvania, Senators Blair, Kellogg and others of lesser note. The other was held in Educational Hall, Asbury Park, being the National Greenback-Labor Party, which nominated Nathan D. Umer for Governor of New Jersey.

Mr. Frank Borden, agent for the New York Life Insurance Company at this place, is a very good manual alphabetist. His geniality and thorough good-heartedness is greatly admired by mutes here.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Norman House this week, have been Rev. Henry Winter Syle, of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Syle was accompanied by his wife, who, with her two children, have been summering at Ocean Beach. Mr. Syle was down again on Friday.

Rev. S. H. S. Gallaudet, accompanied by his family, consisting of his wife, a very amiable lady, unfortunately, is partially deaf, his daughter, a young lady, and his son. Dr. Gallaudet has a church at Batler, Pa. He is a cousin of Drs. Thomas and E. M. Gallaudet.

Mr. E. Souweine came down on Saturday, and registered at the Norman House. In the evening, he visited his old Cincinnati friends, Mrs. Smithson and the Gordon family.

Miss Jones, Miss Lee and other ladies, accompanied by your scribe, made up a party of ten, and visited St. John's Island.

Messrs. Souweine and Pach drove to Long Branch on Sunday, in hopes of meeting the "select few," as promised by "X." As the Plymouth Rock did not land, the "select" few were not there. They called on the Sonneborns, and at Miss Wardell's, where Miss Maggie Jones, of the Lexington Avenue School, is stopping. A merry party of eight mutes being then made up, hands and fingers were busy in a sign chat.

Misses Henrietta and Sophia Sonneborn came down to Ocean Grove on Monday, and spent the day.

Miss Ida L. Wardell, accompanied by Miss Hobart, of New York, spent a day here last week, and report a very nice time.

Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, will be down here this week. He left Albany Monday evening.

Miss Maggie Jones is stopping at the Wardell cottage, Long Branch, for a week.

Miss Ely, of the Lexington Avenue School, will entertain one of her pupils at the Oakland cottage, Asbury Park, during this week.

Miss Foley, of Philadelphia, left for her home on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Eva M. Brown, a semi-mute lady, is stopping here for a short time.

Misses Klaber, Hill and Obendorfer, the latter, a cousin of Mr. E. Souweine, are stopping at the Oriental.

Mr. George Sidney Porter, of Fanwood, had decided on coming down here, but then changed his mind. Judging from one of "Chip's" items in the last JOURNAL, a "ray" of sunshine will be the magnet that will draw him hither.

A great many persons do not know the difference between Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. We will say for their benefit, that they adjoin each other, and are only separated by a narrow lake.

It is with deep pain that we heard of the death of Miss Ella Weinberger. Only a short time ago, we saw her in the full enjoyment of good health. The deaf-mutes of New York have lost a dear friend, one who understood their wants, and who was ever ready to help them, who, at her parents' house, which was so often the scene of many a festive occasion, she was the spirit. Inheriting, as she did, the open heartedness and generosity so characteristic of her parents, it was a pleasure to claim her friendship. We will not attempt to eulogize the many excellent traits of our deceased friend, but extend to her bereaved parents, our deep and heartfelt sympathy for them in the hour of their affliction.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN-OUT-OF-TOWN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All friends who propose attending the approaching National Deaf-Mute Convention, and who at the late National Convention of Deaf-Mute Instructors, or thereafter by letter, subscribed for my book of poems, THE VENTURE, are hereby notified that I have duly commissioned Mr. G. E. Fischer, my general agent for New York and the New England States, and that (D. V.) he will be present at the Convention to deliver the book to all who are ready to pay for it, and to sell to any others desiring a copy. As this arrangement will do away with risk of loss both to patrons and myself, and will also be expeditions, I trust all interested will be satisfied, especially as the venerable Chairman, Mr. Booth, has given it the sanction of his free consent.

ANGIE FULLER.

SAVANNA, ILL., July 20, '83.

INDIANA.

The Reunion at Hartford City.

A GRAND SUCCESS.

Notes and Personal Mention.

We clip the following from the Hartford City Telegram, of July 26th: "About sixty deaf-mutes from this and neighboring counties, assembled at the Fair Ground on last Saturday, for the purpose of having a Picnic and Reunion. Nearly all were graduates of the State School, at Indianapolis.

"There were several married couples in attendance. Their children were all able to hear and speak, a fact which surprises some people. An interesting feature of this reunion was the presence of one of the first pupils of the Indianapolis School, Mr. Wm. Romine, now almost an octogenarian. He entered the School in 1847, and left in 1849. The School was founded in 1845.

"Some Dudes from the city of Fort Wayne were in attendance.

"The exercises were interesting for a time, but grew monotonous to the tardy observer.

"Dudes were numerous and healthy looking.

"The Marshal and his deputies had nothing to do all the day. Drunks and roughs were compelled to be sober or stay away.

"Some of the bad boys were base enough to intimate that 'this afforded an excellent opportunity for unmarried mutes of opposite sexes to mash each other.'

"The Fort Wayne excursion train was filled to overflowing.

"The Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., himself a deaf-mute, was present during the day, and conducted a service in the sign-language in the evening. On the following Sunday, the number of mutes was somewhat increased by delegations from along the line of the Fort Wayne road. Besides the small handful of silent people, there was a very large concourse of other people drawn by curiosity. It is estimated that there were fully four thousand people in attendance at 10:30 a.m. At 3 p.m., Rev. Mann conducted sign-services, which were witnessed by a vast concourse of people.

"The Picnic panned out beyond the expectations of the managers.

"Rev. Mr. Mann preached quite an interesting sermon, so the horse reporter (who numbers the sign-language among his list of other accomplishments) informs us. Indeed, he says the minister waxed exceeding eloquent towards the latter part of his discourse. Ah, could he but command his tongue!"

PERSONAL NOTES.

Rev. Mr. Mann was the guest of John A. Skinner one day.

C. H. Boren and wife, of Milton, Ind., spent a few days' visit with J. A. Skinner and family, the former being a graduate of the North Carolina Institution, and the latter of the Philadelphia School. They were pleased to make new acquaintances. Some young pupils of the Indiana Institution were on hand. Among these were Misses Hollingsworth, of Fairmount; and Cassel, of Keystone; Messrs. Grove, of Poneto, and Wilcutt of Marion, and others.

David S. Viley, of unknown parts, came suddenly, as he rode on horse-back, a distance of 30 miles.

Geo. W. Butcher, of Briant, Ind., took a wagonload of mutes there.

Mrs. Caroline Shepherd, nee Eis, a former pupil of the Ohio Institution, (now a widow) her children, Misses Rebecca Butcher, and M. Dinn, and Messrs. Peter Butcher, and David Eis, accompanied the driver, Geo. W. Butcher. They went on a thirty-two mile journey in half a day.

Edmund S. Leach and wife, nee Florence Adams, of Fairmount, were the latest bridal couple. They drove in their new and stylish top buggy on a fifteen-mile journey, followed by James Mann and wife, in his new buggy. Miss Wagoner, of Anderson, a charming young lady, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Leach.

Harvey I. Roby, of Dundee, sported a new buggy.

Miss Anna Wachtell, an attractive and charming young lady, has been, for two weeks, and is now, visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Winters.

An insane lady, by the name of Miss Ellis, of Muncie, attended the Reunion. She has been sent twice, long ago, to the State Insane Asylum at Indianapolis. She did not recognize any person at the Reunion, although the mutes knew her well.

Miss Laura Martin, of Selma, a charming young lady, was admired by the young gentlemen.

Amos Wright, of Bunker Hill, was very anxious to see the mute ladies.

Amos French and family, of Bluffton, went there in a stylish buggy, a distance of twenty-five miles. When he left his family safely at Mr. Skinner's while driving toward the Fair Ground, he was thrown from the buggy, by the giving away of its body, owing to the losing of a bolt, and his face and forehead got badly bruised, and his spirited horse ran

away, but soon some mutes caught him. He was appointed to deliver an address of welcome at the Reunion, but on account of his bruised face, he did not address.

Chas. Steinwinter, Jerome Brown, John Johannes, Secretary of the Society, and others, represented Indianapolis.

Fort Wayne was represented by the wide-awake gentlemen, Sam. Heilbrunner, John Miller, J. Lanigan, Russell and others.

Nathan Kimball and family attended the Reunion. They invited Mr. and Mrs. Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Mr. French and family, and others to be their guests that night.

Many did not come promptly, on account of the mute farmers being too busy during the hay season to attend.

The mutes have come and gone, and it is to be hoped that they were fully repaid in enjoyment for their trouble of coming.

John A. Skinner and family spent two days with Amos French and family, last week.

Messrs. Skinner and French gave Geo. W. Butcher, brother and sister, of Briant, Ind., a pleasant call Sunday of last week.

A few of the mutes from abroad at the Picnic, were seen inquiring who "Detective Francaise" was, whose names wrote to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. They could not find out who he was.

David W. Woods' and wife, nee Johns, rejoiced over the arrival of a baby boy on Independence Day.

The Bluffton Banner, of August 9th, says: "Mr. John Skinner, of Hartford City, was in town Saturday, making arrangements for a picnic at Marion, Ind., to be held some time in September, for mutes. He is general manager, and judging from the decided success of the one just closed at Hartford City, under the management of Mr. Skinner and Amos French, of Wells County, the coming one will be all that the most sanguine could hope for."

DETECTIVE FRANCAISE.
August 10, '83.

From Catskill, N. Y.

Rumor says that a silent wedding is to take place soon.

The story goes among the mutes here that Miss Georgie Decker has recently been appointed to be a teacher of the New Jersey Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

We would like to see Mr. E. E. Smith present in New York during the National Convention.

W. Ennis, who has been the guest of Mr. A. L. Thomas for a few days, went to the mountains, in company with John C. Thomas, one morning. They snuffed the mountain air all day, and admired the noble Catskills and the magnificence of the hotels. In the evening, they found themselves very much fatigued.

Mr. Dobbs has got a postal from the Catholic Literary Union. He says he is sorry of his inability to attend the Picnic and the National Convention, owing to the pressure of business.

Mr. Sloat is on the fence whether he will attend the Convention or not; but he is looking forward with pleasure to the visit at the old homestead.

Mr. A. L. Thomas will go to New York to be present during the Convention, and afterwards go to Ocean Grove, N. J., where he intends passing a few days.

Merritt Ostrander, of Whiteport, N. Y., made his appearance to the writer last Thursday, and said that this village was a sleepy old town, but to-day it is the liveliest village on the river. To his surprise, there are five mutes here, and the mute population seems to be increasing. He was much pleased with the beauties of this town.

Last week, Messrs. Sloat, Schanck, Dobbs and Thomas, called on Miss Eltringer for a short time, and by and by, went to the Grant House, a popular summer resort, where Mr. Harris, a rich New Yorker, often paid frequent visits every year. He was an old deaf-mute gentleman. The house, a snow-white building, stands on the edge of an elevated plateau, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Catskill Creek.

The handsome residence of Mr. Church, the world renowned artist, may be seen on one of the highest points in Columbia County, across the river. The view is grand.

Henry Schanck, who used to work in the Boarding Department in the knitting mill, is now a good hand under Mr. Dobbs, the foreman, who has been busily engaged in folding and shipping. The former is enjoying good health, and making considerable progress.

Last night, there was a company of young ladies and deaf-mute gentlemen at the residence of Mr. A. L. Thomas. Dobbs was not present.

Jumbo, a novel game, was played for nearly an hour, their daughter Jessie presiding. W. Ennis, the general joker, and Sloat, the gallant minister and favorite of Jumbo, believed that Jessie would be an able winner; but Ennis, an expert player, expressed a full determination, and threw Jumbo upon the nose of Jessie, and when she felt for the nose, a laugh broke out. The game finally ended, and the victory went to Mr. Ennis. They adjourned, and the company of mute gentlemen went to the Central House where good refreshments were furnished and a good time was enjoyed. Before their lunch was given, Mr. Dobbs entered with a smile, and joined them in taking a lunch. They dispersed at 11 o'clock, P.M.

LINCOLN GREEN.
August 11, '83.

FANWOOD.

What a few of our Pupils are Doing.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE EMPIRE STATE.

INSTITUTE BRIEFS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Very little of interest is transpiring here at present. Repairs and improvements, which have been the order of things since school closed in June, are about completed, and the scrubbing brigade is lord of all it surveys. Every thing is assuming an aspect of neatness and comfort, which is very delightful after over a month's reign of dirt and disorder.

Those boys and girls who are forced to remain here, are provided with light employment for a few hours each day, in order to have them earn their salt, as well as to prevent them from getting into mischief. The time allotted for recreation is liberal, and no dissatisfaction is apparent among the pupils. The principal amusement is croquet, which is kept up with unwearied persistency and enjoyment day after day. Taking an impartial look at all circumstances as they are, we are of the opinion that the children who remain here are as contented and happy as those who are enjoying the "delights" of farm life, where the solitary amusement consists of raking hay or grain under a broiling sun, and skedaddling for life a few inches in advance of a swarm of infuriated hornets.

Those officers who have returned from their vacation, look considerably improved in appearance. There is a sprightliness to their step which "tells of days in goodness spent."

Each of the servants are allowed a week in which to grow fat, and as nothing is deducted from their wages in consequence, they go in for a "high old time," according to their manner of expressing it.

Charles Sparrow is the only good shoemaker who is employed in the shoe shop. He whacks pegs with many a grunt as to the "eternal unfitness of things."

John Vallely, of New York City, will work in a down town dry goods establishment as packer, in the fall. He is at present employed in eating his mother's confectionery, she being what is called a "candy woman," and is always present with a large stock of wares at the Excursions of the Manhattan Literary Association.

Seymour A. Berray, of Walton, N. Y., expects to be present at the Convention. His long, but graceful, legs will be a conspicuous feature of the event.

John, one of the Professors of our Night School, vulgarly termed night-walk, is at present employed in the department of Cabbage, vegetable seminary.

The fireman connected with the Tarrytown Branch is on duty at the Institution under Engineer Banks.

James Beatty, day fireman of the Institution, will attend the Catholic Literary Union Picnic.

John Lloyd, Jr., now better known among the "typos" here as "Limpy John," says that he would like to run a sack race with any deaf-mute at the Picnic of the Catholic Literary Union. Supervisor Stowell writes to one of the "typos" here, that he arrived at his home in Buffalo, N. Y., all right.

Miss Myra L. Barrager visited Miss Bella Fisher, of Dunkirk, N. Y., for a couple of days last week. She went to Rome, N. Y., on the 9th inst., and visited her numerous friends there.

Miss Rice, of the Tarrytown Branch, since vacation, has been to the Adirondacks, travelled in Vermont, and is now in East Hampton, Mass.

W. Meinken will return to New York from Hyde Park, this week.

At a game of base ball in Hyde Park, N. Y., last week, the club to which W. Meinken belonged won by the score of 25 to 22.

Dr. Carson returned from the bedside of his sick father on Saturday morning.

Miss Frasier and Mrs. Henry, with David Woods, were at Coney Island one day last week. David had a "Jumbo" time.

One of the water pipes burst last week, and it was lively on the play ground for a few moments.

Arthur L. Thomas, of Catskill, N. Y., will attend the Convention.

Bernard Gallagher has been in Washington, D. C., for the past two weeks, and has had a delightful time. He expects to travel, and will visit many places of interest in Virginia and Maryland. He will return to New York about the 30th of August.

Professor of Gardener's Shotwell, had a happy time in the city Saturday last.

All the girls took a walk around the village and to High Bridge, under the care of Miss Hamilton, on the 11th inst.

Profs. Jones and Mann and George Porter and Anthony Capelli, contested in a few games of croquet Saturday last. Honors easy.

Theodore Lounsbury, saying that he was prevented from setting type by a sore finger, was here on Saturday.

A friend or two of the Superintendent visited him a few days ago.

Mr. Gerloff is enjoying a three weeks' respite from duty.

Misses Barry and Kelly will attend the Catholic Literary Union Picnic.

About ten deaf-mutes visited the Institution on Sunday last, among whom were James P. Donnelly and brother (not deaf) and Johnny O'Brien.

M. R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., is in the city, and vice versa friends here on Tuesday.

High Bridge attracts many deaf-mutes on Sundays now-a-days.

Stanley Robinson visited the Grand Central Depot for the first time on Sunday last, and was struck with the proportions of the building.

Miss Trout and David Woods, of Virginia, crossed the Brooklyn Bridge on Monday.

Wm. Ennis will join the New York mutes' ball club. A Capelli desires to hear from Messrs. Sullivan, Kinney, Glass and Jourdan.

Wm. Ennis, of Albany, N. Y., and Edward Danlap, of Brooklyn, made us a pleasant call on Monday afternoon last.

The father of Mrs. E. H. Currier died this week.

Miss Prudence Lewis will return from her vacation this week.

CHP.

RHODE ISLAND.

To see a merry, jovial farmer, as he drives into town in the cool of the morning, does one's very soul good. He appears so independent, so rich, so industrious, and withal so kind and hearty. The Rhode Island farmer is hospitable. Indeed, his hospitality is proverbial. He will do a person a kindness without expecting any return—he does it willingly. He is honest and sincere. The farmer is truly called the lord of nature. Smile at him as he passes by in his suit of gray or homespun, but do not forget he can smile back. I refer to Charles W. Mowry. He is a farmer in every sense of the word. Every Friday, he comes to town to market, and the very sight of him makes me exceedingly pleased. When he left "Old Hartford," he was a carpenter, and first worked in Willimantic, Conn., with two other deaf-mutes. He worked for seven months. When informed that "business was dull," he wisely took to farming. He has been thirty years a farmer. It will be remembered that he recently married Miss Mary Down, of New York, and they are blessed with a daughter. We have two other mute farmers.

BRIEFS.

There is in Woonsocket, a colored barber who has a deaf-mute aunt named Slocum. She is well educated. One of the two uneducated mutes of Woonsocket, came near being arrested last week for insulting ladies on the street.

Miss Lizzie Spangue, a handsome semi-mute lady of sixteen years of age, is a paper-box maker in Providence. It is said that she can swim and row a boat with ease. It is an excellent exercise.

John Connelly is a book compositor in Newport. He seems to be doing well.

Prof. Lewellyn Pratt, of the Philadelphia Institute, delivered a "very interesting, instructive and entertaining lecture" on "Deaf-Mutes and their Language," in Pomfret Hall, Pomfret, Conn., on the evening of July 30th. The receipts were \$22, for the benefit of the sidewalk fund. A local paper says that last week, the entertainment netted \$115, for the same object.

Prof. Pratt has been in Pomfret for a few weeks, and last week, he left with his wife for Palmouth, Mass.

Rumor hath it that a certain rich deaf-mute of Boston, who has been paying court to a lady of his class, recently came to visit her one day earlier than she expected, and he was disgusted at seeing her on her knees scrubbing the floor, and never called on her again. It appears that she was cleaning the floor to welcome the visitor the next day. The writer is glad to say he does not and prefers not to know who the lady was. A workingwoman is as honorable as any one, but he thinks it is foolish for a woman to palm herself off as a "rich lady," while, in reality, she is in humble circumstances. It is a poor way to deceive.

Mr. E. Hodgson's foreign letter was very interesting. He is an obliging editor.

Edward R. Carroll, of Ohio, Joseph H. Donnelly and the writer, greeted Erwin E. Aldrich, Sunday, and were hospitably entertained. Erwin spoke of the pleasant trip to Worcester, and expects to further his acquaintance with several mutes next Fall.

Edward R. Carroll starts, this week, for Portsmouth, N. H., from Woonsocket Hill to enjoy a sea breeze. However, he will enjoy the breezes in Providence, going to New York, Monday, August 27th. He has been wandering among the woods of the Hill. The Woonsocket Hill is the highest point of land in this State, being 580 feet above sea level. The view obtained from the summit is really grand, a delightful panorama of landscape stretching out in every direction, dotted with handsome villages, and made still more beautiful by winding streams, chief among which is the gentle Blackstone, pursuing its bright, serpentine way to Narragansett Bay. Carroll says he is loathe to leave the pleasant spot soon. We hope he will carry with him many kind remembrances of us, especially Mrs. Whipple Follett. He said to us: "Don't be afraid of the Indians, but come and see me in Cleveland." Probably we will. Good-bye, Mr. Carroll.

WOONSOCKET BOY.

PHILADELPHIA.

Doings in the Quaker City.

A Tilt at "Liberty."

It somewhat surprised us to see that "Liberty" should have penned such an ill-expressed and thoughtless item as appeared in the JOURNAL of August 2d, concerning the Garfield Memorial Certificate, a gift promised to the contributors of one dollar or more, to the Fund, through the liberality of Mr. Arms.

He complained that the Garfield Memorial Bust has already been unveiled nearly three months; and then queried emphatically. Now, where are the lithographic memorials, representing the bust, promised to the contributors to the fund of one dollar or more? Next, he remonstrated that they should have been ready for distribution on the day of the unveiling of the bust; and that nothing has been said about the matter by the Committee, who has the matter in charge, or Mr. Arms; and lo! lastly, he seemed to have lost all his patience by saying that many now began to consider the matter as a mere humbug.

A short time since, we had a talk with Mr. Arms upon the subject, and finally decided to make this reply, hoping to enlighten our "gentle foe," and all others who may be wishing the same information. Such an item as that was certainly very insinuating; though it was perhaps by none more keenly felt than by Mr. Arms, who, in our opinion, alone has charge of the matter, no Committee being responsible. The Committee at Washington is simply expected to forward a photograph of the bust, so as to be able to procure an accurate likeness of it, give the words to form the certificate, which should most properly be done by them, then approve the design when completed, and after it has been lithographed, make the delivery. "Liberty" should bear in mind that the certificate (we call it so, because it will probably be in the form of one), is to be a mere gift to the contributors, who are entitled to one, by the Committee, through the kindness of Mr. Arms; hence any fuss about it should be avoided. As Mr. Arms incurs all the expense and trouble it takes to produce the certificate, it is a great shame to hint that he is a humbug. It is very discouraging, too; but still I have reason to believe that he has the goodness and kindness to forgive "Liberty" for his rashness. On the other hand, if "Liberty" doubted the offer, he should have intimated it in more respectful language, and thus avoided giving the donor an insult.

We take pleasure in informing "Liberty" that a design for the certificate has already been devised, and is now only awaiting the receipt of a picture of the bust and the words to be put on it, until which time it can not be finished. There is apparently not much hurry about it now. Mr. Arms has had members of the Committee to understand that he was in quest of the above things, as far back as June; however, nothing has been furnished yet, and it is his intention not to write again until Fall. If, "Liberty" will be bound to admit, does not seem a nice sense of propriety to attempt to force a man to present the gift, promised by him, before he is ready, or when he reasonably delays it. To have the certificate ready for distribution on the day the bust was unveiled, would have been utterly impossible, and if attempted, a miserable failure; for, since the bust arrived only a few hours in advance of the unveiling ceremony, it could not have been photographed, lithographed and ready for delivery so quick. Any idea to do it so is absurd. The art of lithography has not yet attained such wonderful results, and we believe it will hardly succeed that way.

Notwithstanding that we have treated "Liberty" fairly, and thrown light upon the subject, we only wish to advise him yet to try his patience again.

WHAT IS LEFT.

Many regrets are being expressed about the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union's Picnic and the excursion to Glen Island taking place the same day, as a large number wish to attend both. We know it is too late now to make changes, but we hope these words may have their desired effect in the future.

Prof. Elwell came home last Thursday. He speaks very highly of his visit to the South.

Miss Levering, of Manayunk, who spent a couple of weeks, or perhaps more, at Carlisle, as the guest of Miss Glenn, returned last week, feeling very much pleased with her vacation.

It is rumored that about ten mutes of this city will attend the coming National Convention.

We clipped the following from the Public Ledger:

"A novel mode of communication is used between a mother and her deaf, invalid son, in Bridgewater, Ct. John Beach, of this place, is about 30 years of age, and has been confined to his bed for over half his life. Being also entirely unable to hear, his mother converses with him freely by the strange process of writing with her finger upon his cheek, which he un-

derstands and answers. From long practice they can converse in this manner very rapidly. His physician recently visited him, and questioned him by the same mode of communication quite successfully."

We are now able to give the names of the deaf-mutes, of this city, who attended the picnic given by the mutes of Baltimore, last Thursday: Mrs. Paulin, Mrs. Van Court, Mrs. Roop, Mrs. Stevenson and daughter, Mrs. Harrison and Misses Annie O'Connor and McKinney; Messrs. Lee and Wilson. They report having had a very pleasant time. The place in which the affair took place is very beautiful, and well adapted for the purpose it was used. They also spoke well of Entwistle Place, Patterson Park, and of the city in general. We extend our congratulations to the mutes of Baltimore for their efforts in making the affair a success. Of the above party, four, all ladies, returned home on Saturday. They were Mrs. Van Court, Mrs. Harrison, Misses O'Connors and McKinney. The rest enjoyed themselves so much that they thought they could not leave the place so soon, and therefore did not return until early this morning.

"Mr. Spay" may not know that he has greatly frightened some of us. He warned us to save our pennies to be able to attend our next levee, and we now begin to fear that the price of admission will be raised to \$5. Oh! wonder how many water-melons that will buy. Guess a wagon full. Well, would you care to give ten cents for one, "Mr. Spay?"

Mr. A. L. Manning conducted the services at the Church of the Convention, Filbert St., above Seventeenth, to-day. There was a good attendance, and we think Mr. Manning performed his duty well.

May we ask a description of Reading's Picnic soon, from "Violet," if she attended, or will she avenge us after the style of "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth," etc.

Rev. Mr. Syle is at Ocean Grove. "Queen Bess" expects to attend the Convention on her way to Connecticut, her home. We wish her a pleasant trip.

We hope Miss Weil will not forget us after the Convention.

Can the "Man-About-Town-Out-Of-Town" inform us when Miss Barstow expects to be home? Our thanks, then.

We have remarkably cool weather this month, such has not been experienced for years. LITTLE REP.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

GRAND PICNIC AND GAMES

OF THE C. L. & B. U.

IN THE

Empire City Colosseum.

68th & 69th Streets, East River.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1883.

Day After the National Convention.

PROGRAMME OF GAMES.

Seventy-five yards run for deaf-mute championship of the United States.

Four hundred and forty yards run for boys under 16, open to all.

One-half mile run, for deaf-mutes only.

One mile walk, open to all.

Tug of War, teams of four men each. Total weight of teams must not exceed 600 pounds.

For deaf-mutes only.

Banning broad jump, open to all.

Individual Tag of War, for deaf-mutes only.

Five-mile go-as-you-please, open to all.

All from scratch.

Handsome Gold and Silver Medals to First and Second in Each Event.

Entrance fee to four men Tug of War, \$3 a team; to boys' race, 50 cents; to all others, 75 cents each event (not returnable). Entries close August 25th, 1883, with J. E. Donnelly, 56 Raymond Street, Brooklyn. Remit by Registered Letter or Money Order, payable at Brooklyn Post Office. Games begin at 1 p.m. sharp. Dancing at 3 p.m. Games open to all deaf-mutes.

Swinging, Rifle range, Bowling, etc. Restaurant a la carte, at city prices. Refreshments of all kinds.

The Colosseum can be reached by the Second and Third Avenue Elevated and Surface Railroads.

Come! Rain or Shine! The Colosseum can be entirely closed in if necessary, and be transformed into a ball room.

Tickets Admitting Gent and Lady, 50 cts. Extra Lady's Ticket 25 Cents

MUSIC BY SAUSE.

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J. F. O'BRIEN, J. D. SHELTON,
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THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

A Local Committee Appointed.

LYRIC HALL, SIXTH AVE., BET. 41 & 42 STS., HIRED.

What Has Been Accomplished